MILLSBORO, : : : OHIO.

MIDDLE AGE.

O days of fair midsummer time:
O days of prose, of peace, of caim?
Now when I seek the blue sea wave,
It is for comfort and for clams,
And not to follow pretty Rose.
With glasses on her piquant nose.

Het to obey her queenly nod, Not to spend hours before the glass Isventing of a wondrous tie Which shall my rival's tie surpass, And envy to his dark soul bring, Aithough, alas! I can not sing.

He was a plaintive fair-haired youth,
Who plaved upon the light banlo,
And warbled 'neath the witching moon:
"My love that loved me long ago,"
Till even the rocks felt his regret;
Her spectacles were glistening wet.

Tis not to waste my manly strength in rowing any lovely maid. Or scrambling after harebells blue To deck her faise but golden braid: Tis not to lose my sleep for care. For throbbing hope and dark deepsir.

Now years have flown, and Rose has wed The gentle youth with voice so sad. And I in middle-aged peace Pass all my days serency glad. The sweetness of indifference is my delightful recompense.

For all the harrowing pains I felt
Here by the water's twinkling smile,
A zeat for idineses I've gained.
A heart not touched by woman's wile.
To happy freedom still I cling,
For though I loved, I could not sing,
—S. H. Swett, in Harper's Weekly.

CONVICT NUMBER 2,319.

A Song, a Memory and a Changed Life.

CHAPTER 1.

A pretentious mansion, pleasantly set down in the midst of spacious grounds, beyond the noise and crowds of the great city; the well-kept lawns, neatly trimmed bedges and smooth-rolled carriage ways, the primness and orderly arrangement of which are just visible in the gathering darkness, evidence the taste and wealth of the owner. The long lines of magnificent which mark the boundaries of the drive, venerable in their age and grandly massive in their size, lend an air of stability to the whole, and here and there dense masses of shrubbery give variety to the surroundings of the stately but showy old mansion. A young moon sailing swiftly across a cloudy sky, casts ghostly shadows as she plunges in and out of heavy banks of clouds. Lights shine through all the windows of the mansion, within which there is a revel to-night, and here, in rooms bright with the flashing light from rich chaudeliers, in an atmosphere heavy with the mingled perfume of thousands of flowers, youth and beauty and wealth and fashion are assembled.

fashion are assembled.

There is music and joyous laughter, and There is music and joyous laughter, and accasionally exquisite snatches of song, and these sounds float out through the open windows and break the silence which broods over the scene. In the company which throngs the parlors are to be found men and women famous in their respective walks in life—in the professions, in art, in politics and the ranks of commerce and finance. The hostess, the wife of one of the most noted jurists of the day, beams with satisfaction as she stands to receive her guests, or moves from group to group, making presentations or suggesting topics of conversation where interest seems to flag, for her reception is a success.

making presentations or suggesting topics of conversation where interest seems to flag, for her reception is a success.

Presently, emerging from the groups, she leads to the piano a fair young girl, whose appearance causes a murmur of applause, for she is at once recognized as one whose artistic triumphs as an amateur are at this hour on every tongue. As she seats herself at the instrument and lets her fingers run over the keys with the appearent carelessness that is born of a complete mastery of the art, she strikes the signal for a lull in the hum of conversation, and the guests gather about her in expectant eagerness. Then, as the silence of rapt attention settles down on the roomfail of people, the artist sounds a brilliant prolude. A pause of a moment follows, and then the room is full of molody as she breaks into glorious song.

Her selection is a spirited rondo, and the flute-like tones fill the room with the freshness and profusion of the lark's sun-greeting meledy. There is a seeming recklessness in the manner in which the notes are trilled forth, mounting higher, and growing fuller as the close of the composition is

mess in the manner in which the notes are trilled forth, mounting higher, and grow-ing fuller as the close of the composition is

tog fuller as the close of the composition is reached, with a brilliant burst as the climax, that speaks the artist conident of ber power. She is greeted with a murmur of approval as she pauses, and then with the glow of animation and enthusiasm on her face she again begins.

But now the voice has changed. It is still the flute-like warble, but dreamily and sadly soft and low. The first melody was the carol of spring, with the glorious sunsine, the opening buds, the sweet perfume and balmy air of nature's youth; the second is the wail of autumn, as with mournful face she paces the deserted gardens, her breath sadly waving the drooping stalks and stirring the stricken leaves compassionately the while her eyes rain bitter tears. The first was the rejoicing of the bridegroom, strong, manly and exuberant; this the mourning of the wildow over dead and buried hopes and dreary desolation. The first, the children of Israel singing to the long-sought Canaan; this, Rachel wourning for her children and retusing to be comforted because they are not.

The last is the triumph of art, and the singer feels it. Thought, sense and action are all vielded to the expression of love's deepest and saddest impulses. The hostess and guests listen with pleased attention and at the close tender polite congratulations. The artist, accustomed to such compliments, receives them with well bred self-possession and retires from the instrument, and for all present the incident has sended. And is this all? Can it be that in the economy of the universe such divine grits are to be thus lightly wasted—the in-

socking the shew.

the haunts of the most baruvale from partial be will be comparatively and from partial be will be comparatively and from partial be will be comparatively and from the same provided out of the straightful bear of an audience to whom such entertainment is most novel, but floating out boyond them through the open windows her song has branched this man crouching low among by the treat, and becileasiy and caraleasiy as a may have been sent on its mission, the among have been sent on its mission, the among his hardware from a feetiless and four-hambed siumber by the first burst of song the height disturbed. It is a warm, at heing disturbed he warm, as heing disturbed he warm.

ent to their sweets. What are roses to such as he! More inviting would be the stifling atmosphere of some greaxy, sweltering den in the city's slums—that is now associated with the idea of safety from the law's sleuth-hounds. But there is something in the air to-night which affects him strangely. It impresses itself upon him vaguely as the shadowy form of a dream. He tosses restlessly about in his hiding place, uneasy under this influence. He can not shake it off. Some memory within him is stirred; he knows not how or why.

He is not given to analysing his feelings. He knows when he is hungry, when he is tired, when he wants to drink; he knows even (but this only indistinctly) when he looks back to his childhood, which is seldom, that he is troubled as he is now, and that this trouble is the consciousness of a face associated with those early days—a woman's face, sad eyed and weary—his mother's face. Ah! that's it. He suddenly starts up as the thought flashes across his mind. Now he knows what affects him—it is that song, it is the cor of those flowers. He has heard other songs, not so well sung perhaps, but just as full of life and spirit—the gay choruses of companions, when exhilarated with liquor and not yet brutalized by it; and for him flowers ordinarily have little attraction. It is the combination of these, with the thought of that sad face, that brings back in an instant a recollection. He listens, and as he listens his thoughts turn back to the little village in which he was born. He waiks through a lane of flowers—ah! that perfume—they are roses, and they border the little pathway up to the church door. Some one holds his hand. It is that sad-faced mother. A sound is in his ear—it is the glorious burst of choral song pouring forth through the open door of the church. Ah! those memories, how they unner re him! He is prostrate on the sward now, and as he buries his face in the fresh green grass the buries his face in the fresh green grass the buries his face in the fresh green grass the buries his face

sweet and tenderly san as the dirge of the dving swen the melody is borne out to him.

The sad-eyed mother has long since passed away from earth, leaving the child at once her all and her shams to the tender mercies of a world that showed her no mercy, and never asked whether in her one fault she had been most sinned against or the sinner. None other extended protection to him or claimed his duty. He knows not the meaning of love, and never incurred an obligation of gratitude. Yet this song opens his heart, and as in a vision there come to him remembrances of long forgotten procepts learned at the sad-eyed mother's knee. Long after its faintest echo has died away he remains prone upon the ground. In the train of confused emotions that crowd upon him there is not only the memory of long-forgotten precepts, but the awakening of feelings that have never before found a place in his heart.

have never before found a place in his heart.

Hours after the singer's voice has ceased this man rises, changed in heart, with the germ of a better life struggling into existence within him. As yet his mind is confused, but one thought has seized upon it and dominates all others. He will be a man—no more a criminal. He will try to follow out the precepts, the remembrance of which has thus lately come to him. He is young yet and strong. He can labor and reform. But that is not all. He has been a criminal; he has wronged society and owes it some reparation. That debt must be paid and then he will start clear again. Just how he will pay it he can not

and owes it some reparation. That debt must be paid and then he will start clear again. Just how he will pay it he can not think now, but he has no doubt the knowledge of what to do, and the opportunity will come to him.

If he can only get away from the consequences of this last crime for which he is being pursued he will do something that will take away the reproachful look from those sad eyes. If he can clude the vigilance of the law's officers and get away somewhere where he can work out his reparation—if—ah!— "You are my prisoner. Put on the bracelets, Jim!"

Rudely as this is his dream broken in upon. Almost before he is aware of it he is manacled—in the clutches of the law.

"To think that that dreadful man should have been loitering about our grounds last night. It's shocking, John; do look around and see if any thing has been stolen. Dear me, I wish the police would protect people's property better. I trust the julge will see to it that an example is made of this man."

Thus rattles on the hostess of the last night, she who invoked the ganius of song which entrailed this dangerous criminal, when on the day following she discusses the arrest made in the grounds of her mansion some time after the departure of her guests.

An unconscious bird sings for a moment on the window iedge, but is frightened off as the solemn tones of the judge's voice fall npon the hundreds of listening ears. Ere it has winged its flight to the nearest bough the words have been spoken, the trial is ended, justice is vindicated and a man has been doomed to years of hopeless, abject, brutalising, despairing misery. There is a great confusion as the crowd disperses. The judge picks up his papers, a lackey hands him his hat and cane and he takes his departure with a look of virtuous self satisfaction upon his face. The lawyers who attend such trials for the experience move off in groups with hardly curiosity enough to look at the prisoner, who in his turn is hustled away by bailiffs eager to get him off their hands and get home to their dinners.

If this had not come there might have been a reclamation of a human being and reparation to society. Justice, however, has been done, and the world, knowing nothing of the might-have-beens, is satisfied.

And yet, amid all the confusion, despite

fied.

And yet, amid all the confusion, despite the rough jostling of unfeeling officers of the law, and the audible expressions of satisfaction of the mob, the jeers of some and the rudeness of the irrepressible curiosity of others, to which the prisoner is keenly sensitive, with him are ever those and eyes, the perfume of the roses and the heart-thrilling words of a song, which has long since ceased to be even an echo, except with him.

CHAPTER III.

CHAPTER III.

A hideous monotony of glaring white walls, dull, black bars, tier upon tier of narrow, grated cells, and row upon row of strong iron galleries. The tiers of cells, rising one above another, with a gallery about each, form an inner building in the center of the quadrangle enclosed by the center of the two the walls reach from the ground to the roof on two sides, on the other two the walls are blank. Cheerless, cold and forbidding are the whittewashed walls, the red brick floors and the grated cells. Olors of damp straw and of cheap and not over-clean food in process of cooking make the atmosphere stifling. Here and there a guard lounges idly in the halls, and every now and then a squad of pale-visaged, closely-cropped men, out of whose faces have gone all traces of manliness, moves with the shuffling "locked step" across the corridors, marshalled by a guard who directs every movement by shrill whistles.

Outside in long, low sheds, ranged along both sides of a yard paved with cobblestones, other gange of similar pale-faced, unmanned-looking men, wearing the same hideous, striped garb, are laboring unceasingly in absolute silence under the eyes of stern taskmasters.

Of what are all these men thinking in CHAPTER III.

tummannel-looking men, waaring the same hideous, striped garb, are laboring unceasingly in absolute silence under the eyes of stern taskmasters.

Of what are all these men thinking in their enforced silence! Surely they think their enforced silence! Surely they think the teorigue may be trammeled but who will essay to bind the thoughts! Are they thinking of home—of wives perhaps, of children, of friends low and vile as themselves, of past exploits, of future plans, of any of the countless millions of things of which men think when free to talk and act as they please! Doutless they are. Who can limit the range of their thoughts; who can begin to picture the visions which float before the mind's eye of these men as they toil in silence through the long hours! Hearts are breaking here, but who cares! Who recks of the mild tumult going on in many a mind as thoughts bitter, heart-breaking, desperate, float back and forth! The lives here are full of tragedy.

Who knows, for instance, that the individual whose identity is lost to all but himself and the prison records in the prison, No. "2,319," is thinking as he labors of a balmy summer night under the shadow of grand trees, of the perfume of roses, of a song and a resolution? Yet such thoughts are ever present with him his sole consolation amil the horrors of his surroundings, his only relief from the monotony of his daily existence. To-day he is thinking of them, thinking especially of the resolution that he would do something to take away the reproach from the sad eyes that he feels are constantly watching him. The dull, unceasing toil by day, the horror of the energy which naturally belongs to men of his temperament and physique, but his thoughts to-day arouse in him much of the energy which naturally belongs to men of his temperament and physique, but his thoughts to-day arouse in him something of the old temper—the old aggressive spirit.

He has heard something? In that mysterics was discounted to a surface of the middle the advance of the second.

"To think that that dreadful man should have been loitering about our grounds last night. It's shocking, John; do look around and see if any thing has been stolen. Dear me, I wish the police would protect people's property better. I trust the judge will see to it that an example is made of this man."

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CHAPTER II.

"How say you, prisoner—guilty or not guilty?"

The judge's tones are sharp. There is a business-like ring to his words. He is anxious to get through with this case, as there can be but one ending to it, the evidence is so clear. Why then should there be any dolay over a mere formality? The dingy little court room is crowded, it atmosphere not the most congenial, while outside there is the summer air, the bright smushing. Why then linger over this case, results and the property to the many conspirators. He knows on whom vengeance is to be wreaked—that the warden of the prison is doomed, and that the rising only property. Anxious to get through with this case, as there can be but on Windless the but of the court room is crowded, the but of the court room is crowded, the court room is crowded, the diagnitude court room is crowded, the crowded of the court room is crowded, the crowded of the crowded o

FOR SUNDAY READING. INDIFFERENCE.

The promises of God are past our dreaming. There is no end to His fair works and ways: Creative love is one with love redeeming. And every thing He does is full of praise.

He spreads His dome-like mercy all around us:
We can not get away from His embrace:
We hide ourselves, and lo! His love has found Barth has no corner but is full of grace. He, in the mazes of life's wondrous garden, Dea's with our hearts in mysteries of His

Brightons the gloom, or softens what would Speaks from the burning bush or silent But we have grown accustomed to the bles

Which tangle and entwine us day by day; We take for granted our dear God's caress ings, Nor heed the beauty strewn upon our way.

His very mercy simost scandalizes, It lies like common dust beneath our feet. He is so prodigal with His surprises That we at last have failed to think them

We take a discount from His loving kindness. And weigh it in the scales of common-sense: We moderate His light to suit our blindness, And hear His truth with cool indifference. While He, in patient pity and enduring, Pours out His Heaven upon the world for

Yea, spends Himself to purchase the secur-ing Of men who have the heart to trust Him thus! -Sunday Magasine. THE LAW OF GROWTH.

The True Conception of Earthly Living

and Expansion.

Nothing can be said of a man more hopeful or inspiring than that he is growing; nothing can be said more dispiriting and hopeless than that he has ceased to grow. It is the common ambition of all earnest men and women that the years as they pass shall add to their interior wealth; that instead of robbing them of joys, and possessions, and capacities, these same swiftfooted and silent years shall bring to them new strength, new capacities, new receptivities, new accumulations of power and happiness. Looked at from the unspiritual side, life shows little but wastefulness. The tide of vitality rises in each for a few years, pauses for another brief space of time, and then begins to recede, leaving one weakened and despoiled. Looked at weakened and desponed. Looked at from the spiritual side, life is in-finitely inspiring, because it shows alongside the ebb of the physical forces the inflow of the spiritual forces,

There is no finer type of this process than that which every tree presents. It sinks its roots deep into the soil; the

greater its power of resisting the tempest the deeper its roots must pene-trate into the earth, until at last the tree becomes invincible in its struggle

against the elements. So must every human life be that develops this noble principle of growth—it must sink its roots deep and send them far into the

rich soil out of which it springs. Formerly the religious man separated himself from his time and his genera-

tion; earthly opportunities and re-sponsibilities were regarded as so

many temptations to lead one away from the vision of Heaven; contact

apart, but lives broadly and richly and nobly among his fellows. The great-est of all eachers did not frequent des-

heavenward, and spreads its branches that every leaf may drink in sunlight and moisture in order that it may re-

ceive from the atmosphere and the sky nourishment and strength, which the

They file out into the prison yard and cross is for the distance of about the rode towards the main building of the prison cowards the main building of the prison of the prison per short with a little more freedom than ordinary couvicts. They hardly raise their heads at their fellow pass them. Near the entrance to the main building a blue coated man wearing a heavy such chain and swing ing a light switch standstalking to a guard who leans idly on his muster. This main charge seams a greater viginance over the convicts, who also recognise the warden, but make no sign.

It has grown quite dark now. Men's facce are barely recognisable. Suddenly there is a little contrained. A main the first line stumbles and the line is broken. The stands are subject to the line has, however, gone on, and as the man stumbled the rear stopped short like a train of cars suddenly checked. The second line, which follows in the track of the first too closely to be instantly turned out stumbles over the main the first line and recoives a backward impetus which it common half a dozyn striped jackets bound upon the guards to disarm them. Yells and curses burst upon the ear. The head of the first line and curse burst upon the ear. The head of the first line had been premeditated. Out of the confused mob half a dozyn striped jackets bound upon the guards to disarm them. Yells and curses burst upon the ear. The head of the first line has with a ruth reached the convicts endeavoryle forces them shut on the prison garbon the striped on the reached the subject of the warden. He is in desperate had a prison garbon the subject of the warden with a ruth reached the work of the warden was the subject of the warden was the subject of the warden was the subject of the prison garbon the subject of the warden was the subject of the warden was the subject of the warden was to throw himself in front of the brown was the subject of the warden was the subject of the warden was the subj

no other man has ever done with the whole range and sweep of human experience. His own time and His own generation furnished the opportunities through which He manifested the Divine spirit which was in Him. There was no highway so crowded that He did not pass through it, there was no home so lowly that He did not knock at its door, there was no fallen man or woman so debased that His Divine compassion did not seek them out. He only has begun to grow who has seen this great truth and set his life in harmony with it. The true saint to-day is the man who does not look back and mourn over a nobler past, or forward and dream of a diviner future, but who sends his thought to seek the best that "Who is he!" queries one, and "Who is he!" queries one, and the one with the lantern, holding the light close to the body, reads from the breast of the hideous striped jacket "Number 2,319." An official report on the ements to-morrow will say that in quelling it, convict No. 2,319" assisted and perhaps saved the warden's life, but was unfortunately shot by mistake, this being the only casualty.—Sidney Gough, in N. Y. Graphic.

Impressions of a Scribe Who Happened See a Farmer Shave.

To witness a farmer shave is one the most painful operations ever witnessed outside of downright butchery. For some reason away beyond the depth of present knowledge, the man who breads the country always has a beard like a new hair brush and he never could learn how to sharpen a

razor.

He gets on the back stoop with his He gets on the back stoop with his shaving utensils, and after rubbing the razor over the strap in an awkward fashion, until whatever trace of edge it may have had has been destroyed, he hangs up his broken glass and takes a position alongside of the kitchen door where the old lady will be sure to jostle his arm when she goes out to empty her dish-water.

empty her dish-water.

With a brush that has but little

empty her dish-water.

With a brush that has but little handle remaining he manages somehow to stir up a lot of lather from soap that would raise a blister on the bottom of a boy's foot in doy days, with which he coats his face till nothing but his eyes and the back of his head are visible. With a cob dipped in warm water he goes over the stubble with a vigor that makes the flesh creep, until he feels that all the reasonable precautions for comfort in the subsequent operations have been taken.

Taking up the razor and looking at it suspiciously over the top of his glasses, he runs his thumb along the edge, fails to draw blood as he had hoped, and then with a sigh like leaving town in a hurry, he grabs himself by the nose, shuts his eyes and gives a scrape that makes his hair stand on end as a bunch of beard seems to come out by the roots.

But once at it a terrible desperation seems to nerve him, and with teeth set he goes right on with a determination to get the agony over as soon as possible. Howls of woe break from him now and then, as an expression that poisons life steals over his face and stays there till the last nerve has been pulled out of socket by that terrible razor, and the last bit of stubble his been laid low, when with a sigh of relief, he strikes up a hymn of thanked the second of the swill barrel near by,—Western Plowman.

Prince Bismarck has seventy-lighted.

-Prince Bismarck has seventy-lix descriptions, but he says he is proader of a little silver medal which was given him for rescuing a soldier from drowning while he was a sub-Lieutenant in a cavalry regiment than of all the rest put together.

equipped for the new conflict which it inaugurates.

In this thought of growth there lies also the noblest of all prophecies of the future. There is no conception of Heaven so alluring and inspiring to noble souls as that which involves their unbroken and untrammeled growth in unbroken and untrammeled growth in nobleness, in spirituality and in power to enter into great thoughts, and into great life. The thought of rest is pleasant and consoling, but it does not inspire like the thought of activity. He only has gained the deeper and truer conceptions of Henven who looks forward to its not as place of veryess, but ward to it, not as place of repose, but as a place of intense and eternal activity, without exhaustion, without hindrance, without death. - Ohristian

DOING GOOD.

Known. best definition. Of Christ we are told. until at last one sees that his life is a noble commerce by which the material is exchanged for the spiritual, the simple, grand quality of Christian conearthly for the heavenly and the temporal for the eternal.

We suppose there never was a case

cession of modern apostles have been stirred by this same enthusiasm of con-

from the vision of Heaven; contact with men presented only so many opportunities of becoming defiled and impoverished. And so the hermit sought the desert or the cell, that he might dedicate himself to what he regarded as he work of his life. But a nobler and truer conception of man's life in the world has entered into the thoughts of men. It is seen that he is the truest wint who does not live. service is most natural and reasonable. It is unnatural only as sin and sellishness have made nature itself unnatural.

ice of going good. est of all leachers did not frequent deserts and live in the caverns of the mountains, but identified Himself as no other man has ever done with the whole every one shall be judged. It is

and dream of a diviner future, but who sends his thought to seek the best that is in his own generation, who opens his heart most constantly and widely to the needs of his own time, and who uses his hands most untiringly for the service of the hour. He only finds field who finds Him now and here, and he only finds richness of life and the fullness of its growth who finds himself bound by every sympathy and every thought and every service to his own age, and determined to feel all that it feels, to think all that it thinks, and to do all that it demands.

But the tree does more than sink its roots into the soil; it lifts its trunk heavenward, and spreads its branches

perience that the reason for the observance of the Sabbath lies deep in the everlasting necessities of man's nature, and that as long as man is man, the blessedness of keeping it, not as a day of rest only, but as a day of spiritual rest, will never be annulled.—F. W. Robertson.

rows in the face, and to feel that each one of them comes as a ministering spirit disguised for the moment to lead him on to some new wealth of spiritual achievement. He will be able to look the darker mysteries of life in the face, and to feel that in these God's purpose lies concealed, and that through them as through the clouds the sun will break by and by on a world that has been refreshed and fertilized. And he will feel as he looks into the future that every new crisis that is to come to him individually, or every new crisis that is to come to society at large, will be met by a corsociety at large, will be met by a cor-responding increase of strength. Al-ready, as men look over the turbulent elements in the world, they seem to hear the rise of that wind which is to hear the rise of that wind which is to shake the tree of life to its very foundations. But those who have grasped the principle of growth know that as the wind rises in power the tree gains also in resistance, that as the new peril comes another and nobler training comes with it, which prepares both the individual and the race for the hour of darkness and of difficulty. Each generation, by the inevitable growth of society, is fitted for its peculiar responsibilities and perils. If these multiply, so do the sources of strength; if these deepen in perplexity, so do the sources of resistance; so that no criais can ever come to the man or to society which will not find both the man and society equipped for the new conflict which it

International Sunday-School Lesson for

John 15: 1-16; commit versos 4-6. I. I am the True Vine, and My Father is the

Husbandman.

2. Every branch in Me that beareth not trutt He taketh away; and every branch that beareth fruit. He purgeth it, that it may bring forth more fruit.

2. How ye are clean through the Word which I have spoken unto you.

4. Abide is Me and I m you. As the branch can not bear fruit of itself, except it, abide in the vine; no more can ye, except ye abide in Me.

Ac.

L I am the Vine, ye are the branches: He that abidesh in Me, and I in him, the same bringsh forth much fruit; for without Me ye can do nothing.

L If a man abide not in Me, he is cast forth as a branch, and is withered; and men gather them, and cast them into the fire, and they are burned.

them, and cast them into the fire, and they are burned.

7. If ye abide in Me, and My words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you.

8. Herein is My Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit; so shall ye be My disciples.

9. As the Father bath loved Me, so have I loved you; continue ye in My love.

10. If ye keep My commandments, ye shall abide in My love; sown as I have kept My Father's commandments, and abide in His love.

Father's commandments, and abide in His love.

11. These things have I spoken unto you, that My joy might remain in you, and that your joy might be full.

12. This is my commandment: That ye love one another, as I have loved you.

13. Greater love hath no must than this, that a man hay dows his life for his freends.

14. Ye are My friends, if yo do whatsoever I command you.

15. Henceforth I call you not servants; for the servant knoweth not what his lord dooth: but I have called you friends; for all things that I have heard of My Father I have made known unto you.

15. Yo have not chosen Me, but I have chosen you, and ordained you, that ye should go and bring forth fruit, and that your fruit should remain; that whatsoever ye shall ask of the Father is My name, He may give it you.

Time—Thursday evening, April 6, ten or eleven o'clock, immediately after the last

CIRCUMSTANCES—At the close of the last chapter, the whole company arose and prepared to leave the room; but Jesus had more to say, and while they were standing, He spoke chaps. 15 and 16, and uttered the

prayer in chap. 17.

HELPS OVER HAND PLACES-1. True vine:

the source of life to all His disciples. Husbandman: the founder and owner of the vine, who cares for it and whose is the fruit. 2. Every branch: each individual Christian, each church, is a branch. Purgeth II: cleanseth it, by pruning, by taking away any insects or fungus that hinders it, by culture, by new life. So Jesus does with His disciples. He gives new life, trains and teaches, and removes whatever hinders fruit-bearing. 4. Abids in Me. by

trains and teaches, and removes whatever hinders fruit-bearing. 4. Abide in Me: by believing, by loving, by communion, by obedience, by studying His Word. 5. Much fruit: the fruits are a holy character, good life, noble deeds, the conversion of others, the world made better. 7. Ask what ye will, etc.: this promise is to those who abide in Jesus, and live according to His Word, for such will ask what is right and wise. 9. Continue we for My love; by obedience

9. Continue ye in My love: by obedience (v. 10). it. My joy: joy of doing good, of loving, of free, healthy activity, of communion with God, of faith and submission, of Heaven and all its delights. This answers many of the ob-

and your joy full." (2) Another says: You are continually talking of the happi-

ness of religion. It is merely another form of selfishness. The answer is: Christ's joy in us. (3) Others say: Your joy is won-derful, but it does not endure—a mere pass-

ing cloud, or morning dew. The answer is: Christ's joy, which endures forever, and which remains in His disciples. 12. This is

ure of their love-to one another. How had Christ loved them! This verse is the an-

swer. 18. Greater love hath no man than this: no mere man can show greater love to his friends. It does not say that this is the highest manifestation of love. For that is in giving His life for His enomies (Rom. 5:

friends: beware of reading this as though

PLACE—An upper room in Jerusalem

The Fruits by Which the Christian

The word which best designates the Christian character is consecration. That is its first fruit, because it is its first negatively, that He pleased not Himself. Then we are told affirmatively that He went about doing good.

We suppose there never was a case We suppose there never was a case of Christian conversion in which the first evidence of it was not the desire to do good. The first question asked by Saul of Tarsus was: "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?" Asking that question transformed him into the Apostle Paul, into the Missionary, the jectious that are made to religion. (1) One says that religion is sour and gloomy, driving men out of every temple of pleasure with a whip of small cords, and posting "no trespassing here" against every field of delight. The answer is: "My joy in you, Apostle Paul, into the Missionary, the Sent One; for the word apostle means missionary, or sent. And the long sucsecration to doing good, and have held themselves streamously to this service,

themselves strenuously to this service, and have won its crown.

There is no mystery about this transformation beyond what comes in the influence of lofty motives welcomed to the soul. The consecration to such

A man's own conscience bids him do good. Every other man's conscience approves it. God commands it. The example of the love of Christ enforces it. The spirit of God impresses it. Then the soul accepts the duty, and finds a happiness higher than it had ever before known, even in hard services of the spirit of

directed good doing that will be re-quired of us; but good doing in the narrow directions for which our facul-

which every one shall be judged. It is not universal and miscellaneous undirected good doing that will be required of us; but good doing in the narrow directions for which our faculties it us, and of which we are capable. We can not do all good. Christ did not. He only did the good that lay before Him, and did not hasten off to spread His mercles prematurely over the world. He left something for as to do. And to each of us He has left His special task of good doing. We shall not find it difficult to discover what it is if we really have the consecration of heart,—N. Y. Independent.

CHOICE EXTRACTS.

—Verily, it is the lazy man that keeps a careful record of the little failings of his neighbors.—Reuben Sleck.
—Hope is like the wing of an angel, soaring up to Heaven, bearing our prayers to the throne of grace.—Jeremy Taylor.

—Man without religion is the creature of circumstances; but religion, is above all circumstances, and will if him up above them.—Archdeacon Hare.
—The fruits of pure religion, and undeflied, are all of one sort, all good. There is no evil in it. The man, then, who seeks for it, as for silver, gold, and the choicest hidden treasures, proves himself the man of truest wisdom.—N. Y. Independent.

—Independent.

—In more and more sure by experience that the reason for the observance of the subbath lies deep in the evertasting necessities of nian; nature, and that as long as man is man; the blessedness of keeping its, not as a day of reat only, but as a day of spiritan.

—God made both tears and laughter.

—The for man more and more sure by experience that the reason for the observance of the Subbath lies deep in the evertasting necessities of nian; nature, and that as long as man is man; the blessedness of keeping it, not as a day of reat only, but as a day of spiritan.

—God made both tears and laughter.

—There are not materials at hand, any the San Trancisco Alks, to form

and moisture in order that it may receive from the atmosphere and the syprourishment and strength, which the
earth can not furnish. So is it with
very true life: it stands bound to its
age and generation, but it lifts the stell
Hexenward that it may receive directly and personally the continual inflow of God's unbroken revelation of
truth, and that it may receive also of
truth, and that it may receive directly and personally the continual inflow of God's unbroken revelation of
truth, and that it may receive also desecond from the upper sky. The mildsecond from the upper sky. The mildsecond from the upper sky. The mildthat is closed against new truth has
begun to die. He only truit
lives who expects every day
renewed of the personal revelation of
God's presence in the world, and of
God's presence in the world and
Official presence in the